

William S. Wilson
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6/23/70

Dear Joe,

Life goes along novelistically. My analyst tells Toby Spiselman to get a vaccination from her doctor next door, who is my children's pediatrician. I sent Toby to Dr Fried, she sends her to Dr Konig. Pat Towers takes Sara Constance Towers to Lilo Borchardt, by the way. I answer the phone a few minutes before going to dinner at Christ and Lynn's Friday night, it is Lauretta, so I take her to dinner, and home, and to bed, and then to Bear Mountain with the Follow Through Program ~~Saturday~~, and she sort of stayed on, and is coming back tomorrow night. Andrew and I will probably go to Provincetown late in July with her while the girls are in camp. I ~~now~~ in Provincetown since 1948 of course two years before she was born. My bed (and my bedding) is/are full of ghosts, but the exhausted necessities do seem yielding to possibilities. One does think of Laura Rosenblum at a time like this. Nota bene: Lauretta is registered for your writing course next year. Perhaps you would like to see my analyst for a vaccination.

Mike Sundell was in town, mellow and warm, people are entering some season of niceness, but wouldn't go to Towers for a drink where Dick Goldman was, because Dick had made a serious attempt to seduce Nina, & Mike didn't want to see him. My friend Jacob Needleman was in town at the same time from San Francisco to see about his book The New Religions which will be ~~out~~ out in September. I told him now to write a book on the philosophy of the family. He too more mellow; maybe middle-age has charms of its own, some sense of achievement, with a tinge of the guilt of the survivor.

Chris said tosay that he doesn't write letters, but that Lynn will be in their house when you are on your way back and that you'll be welcome to stay there.

I'm reading The Golden Fruits and a book I'll send on to you in Corsica to help you keep the faith.

Laughing in the Dark-

RADAR